

Trial of Skill Of Three Great Artists.

This Trial of Skill
Of a threefold Sibyl
Is to shew Royal Blood safely how to spill.
Three Wise Men of late
Held a learned Debate
On a desperate Case of a Lamb of the State;
(Where each shot his Bolt;
And on the Result,
Did declare they opin'd the Distemper occult.
Tho' my Story be late
And thought out of date,
Great Acts it is always fit to commemorate.
Beau H— fresh from School,
(As a new sharpened Tool,
Was summon'd the first to appear in the Roll.
Sol H— active and great
Ad omne parat,
Had *κατ' ἐξουίαν* the dispensing of Fate:
And so leading the Dance
A la mode of France,
Without ever thinking, he directed the Lance;
But Hand over Head

*

Did

A Tryal of Skill.

Did attempt, and proceed
At all peradventure this Lamb for to Bleed.
By which sage Advice
He was Bled in a trice,
To shew the Dispatch of an expert Novice.
Now the Deed being done,
The grim Faet to atone,
Our Great Esculape did fall in a Swoon;
Who by Sympathick touch,
Having acted too much,
Was affected himself: his Sense it was such,
And being put to Bed,
As one almost Dead,
Did order himself forthwith to be Bled.
Which shew'd he would do
As he'd be done unto;
To Bleed, as he Bled, whether needful or no.
And *Erostrate's* great Name
Still living in Fame,
(Who did put the *Temple-Diana* in flame)
H—s only desired:
By ambition fired,
To get some Repute before he expired.
Next *Gifford*, tho' muddy, *g-h-s*
And always in Study,
(His Thoughts being quickned by a thing that is
Did stirr up his Muse (Ruddy)
To Action and Use,
And approv'd all *H—s* had done at fast and loose.
And then adding his Mite,
His Directions did write,
And Blisters, and Cupping, and Cordials endite.
But acting too fast
With over-much haste,
Growing qualmish, retired for needful Repast.

So

A Tryal of Skill.

So R--t--ff coming next,
Tho' formerly vext,
Was perswaded his Science to spend on the Text,
Having Wine for his Drink,
It did whet him to think,
Especially seeing it was joined with Chink.
But the Fever malignant
Did puzzle Skill pregnant:
'Twas so very putrid and super regnant,
That off o' the hooks,
You might guess by their Looks
They found nought could prevail that was in their
And that the new Notion (Books,
Of Circulation
Afforded no Help against Putrification.
So, these Magi's next part
Boldly was to assert,
That since he must Die, 'twas according to Art.
And now to find out
And bring it about,
The Mobb to perswade and the Plebeian Rout,
He must be dissected,
And with Care inspected,
To report that all Parts were with Matter infected:
And avouch no Mistake
Such Learning could make,
Three famous Epistles for three Doctors sake
Must be publish'd in Print,
Up and down to be sent,
Composed of Words without Argument.
That he Died of a Rash
With eating of Trash,
Which is a sufficient Account for your Cash.
But such frail Excuse
Is of no Force or Use,

A Tryal of Skill.

(The Mischief once done) Folks to disabuse.
Sure it was rash, not good
Counsel to let him Blood :
So this new coined word is to be understood.
And Rash is a Name
No Author doth claim,
But is true Modern Cant to cover a Shame.
By common Instinct
Almost all Men do think
The stirring this Matter hath made it to stink.
And Silence were better
Than from each a Letter,
To make an Oyes to smother the Matter.
To do Penance in Sheet
In some Cases is meet,
And by Civil Law is esteemed discreet :
But why our Physicians
On diff'rent Conditions
In a Sheet should appear, to take off Suspitions,
No Man can Divine.
But their Thoughts do encline
To believe it was Ignorance, Madnes or Wine.
Some that have a Name,
Do publish their Shame,
Yet the stupid World still trumpets their Fame.
Whom *Jove* reserves for Fate
He doth infatuate,
In Town and Country, in Church and in State.
And why should they not when 'tis Deceit they cover?
The World will be deceived because they love it;

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

